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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

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foreword
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Firetrap
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Glitter and Go
Ron Wolfe
writer
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Mazes of the Mind
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Dear Diary
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afterword
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FOREWORD

In that dank attic that passes for our minds, there accumulates dementia, some of which may still be considered felonies in the 48 continental United States. And, as with all attics, ours can use the occasional cleaning, clearing out normalized abnormalities to make room for new taboos. In other words, gentle reader, it's odds and ends this intro out—and, considering the nature of this book, more odd than anything.

First, an apology to Peter Atkins, author of our third issue's "Songs of Metal and Flesh"; it seems Mr. Atkins' name was mildly mangled to "Akins." Given the fact that Pete is currently scripting *Hellraiser III*, it seems best to make amends before we end up victims of silver screen Cenobites. Everything okay now, Pete? Everything square between us? "Sure, Dan . . . square," says Pete. "Like a puzzle box. Did I tell you about the scene I just wrote about the editor and . . ."

Oh, well. Such is life . . . or maybe not.

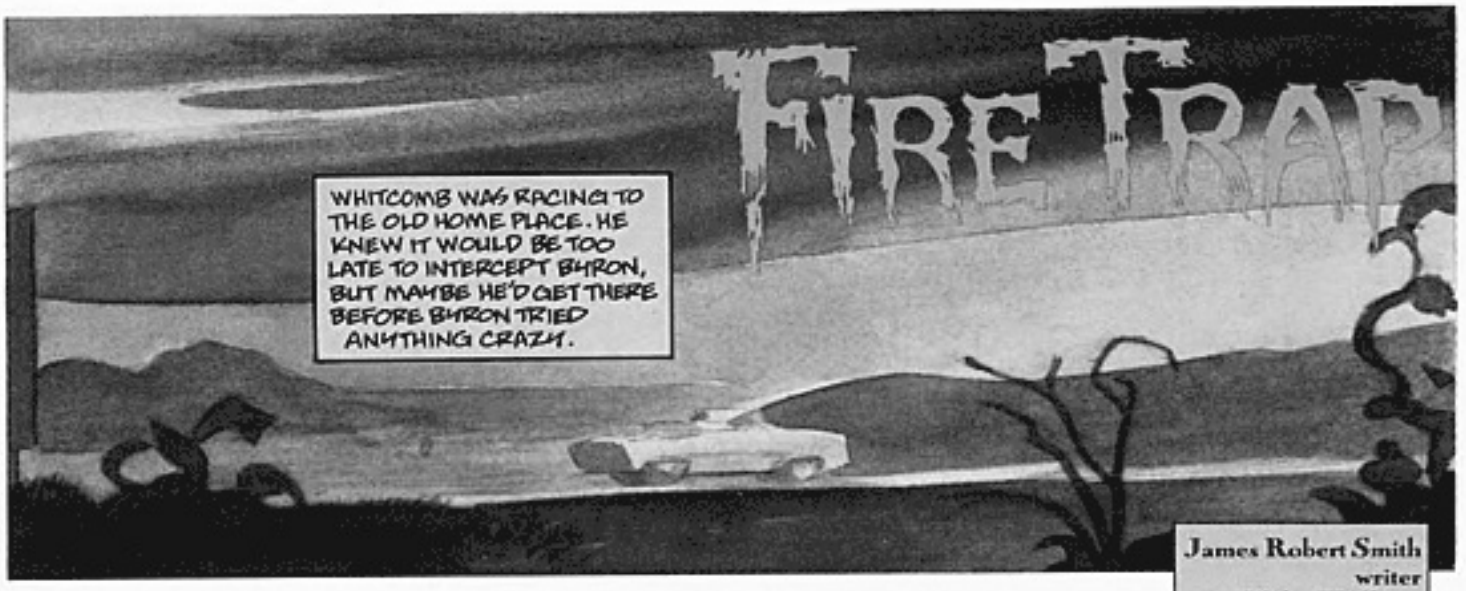
Speaking of editors (like that segue?), a question I'm sometimes asked (or maybe I'm not . . . you'll never really know for sure now, will you? Ah, the sweet thrill of sowing the seeds of mild paranoia . . .) is, "Exactly what do you do on that **Hellraiser** book?"—aside from rambling for 500 odd words each issue, that is. Well, "Consulting Editor" is basically a nice way of saying, "Hanger-On-Who-Sticks-His-Two-Cents-In-Where-They're-Not-Always-Wanted" or, "The-Human-Equivalent-Of-A-Room-Full-Of-Monkeys-And-Typewriters." While Marc does the *real* work on this tome—refining stories, dealing with art and creators, seeing things through to the final printed issue—I spout conceptual b.s. on the inner workings of the nether-regions; you know, stuff like "Cenobite Motivation." It's not what you call a living, but I like to think that next to Hell itself, I'm the next best thing to being there.

But enough about my view of down below . . . more important we should look to the talent assembled this issue, eager to share their visions of our favorite hot place with each of you. Mark Nelson, he of Dark Horse Aliens fame (not to mention an upcoming tale of the Nightbreed for Epic), explores Hell's innermost workings with "Mazes of the Mind"; keep the aspirin nearby for this one, kids, 'cause Mark's given new meaning to the word "headache." Hellraiser alumni Sholly Fisch unlocks the disturbing tale and deadly secrets inside "Dear Diary"; Sholly's teamed this time out with artist Colleen Doran, just back from that scary Sandman place over at DC Comics. Writer Ron Wolfe, a name you'll see creeping up again in these pages, takes sibling rivalry to new heights with "Glitter and Go"; Dan Spiegle, does us the art honors on "Glitter" and his talents can also be seen in the upcoming Hollywood Superstars series. And finally, no strangers to these shores James Robert Smith and Mike Hoffman team up once more to spring their "Firetrap"; it's unwholesome family fun.

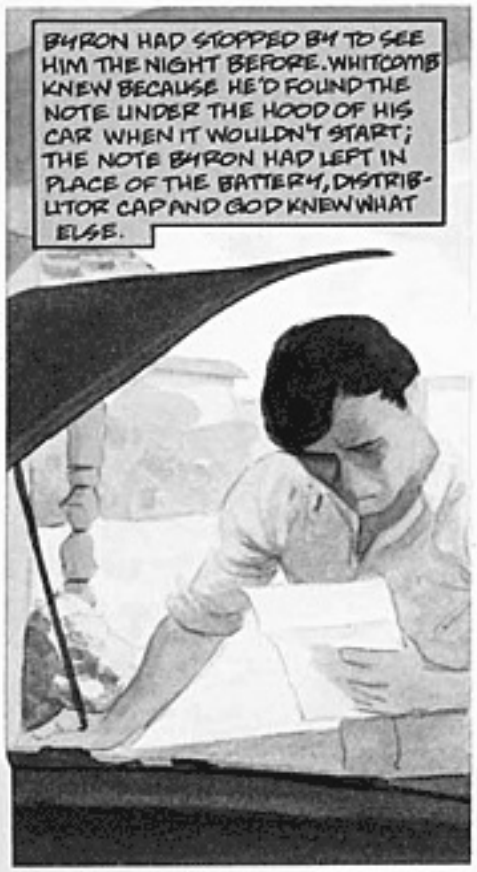
Enjoy these puzzles we've brought for you, gentle reader, but take care as you work their mysteries. We want you back again, you know.

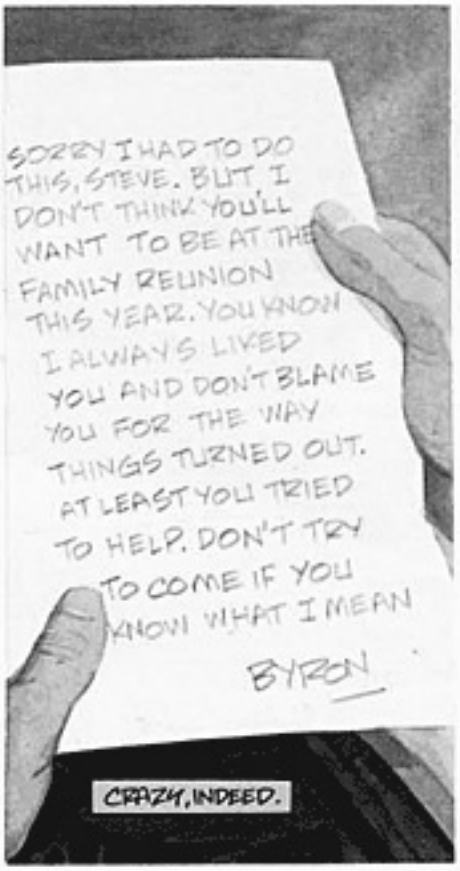
Oh, yes, indeed we do . . .

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor

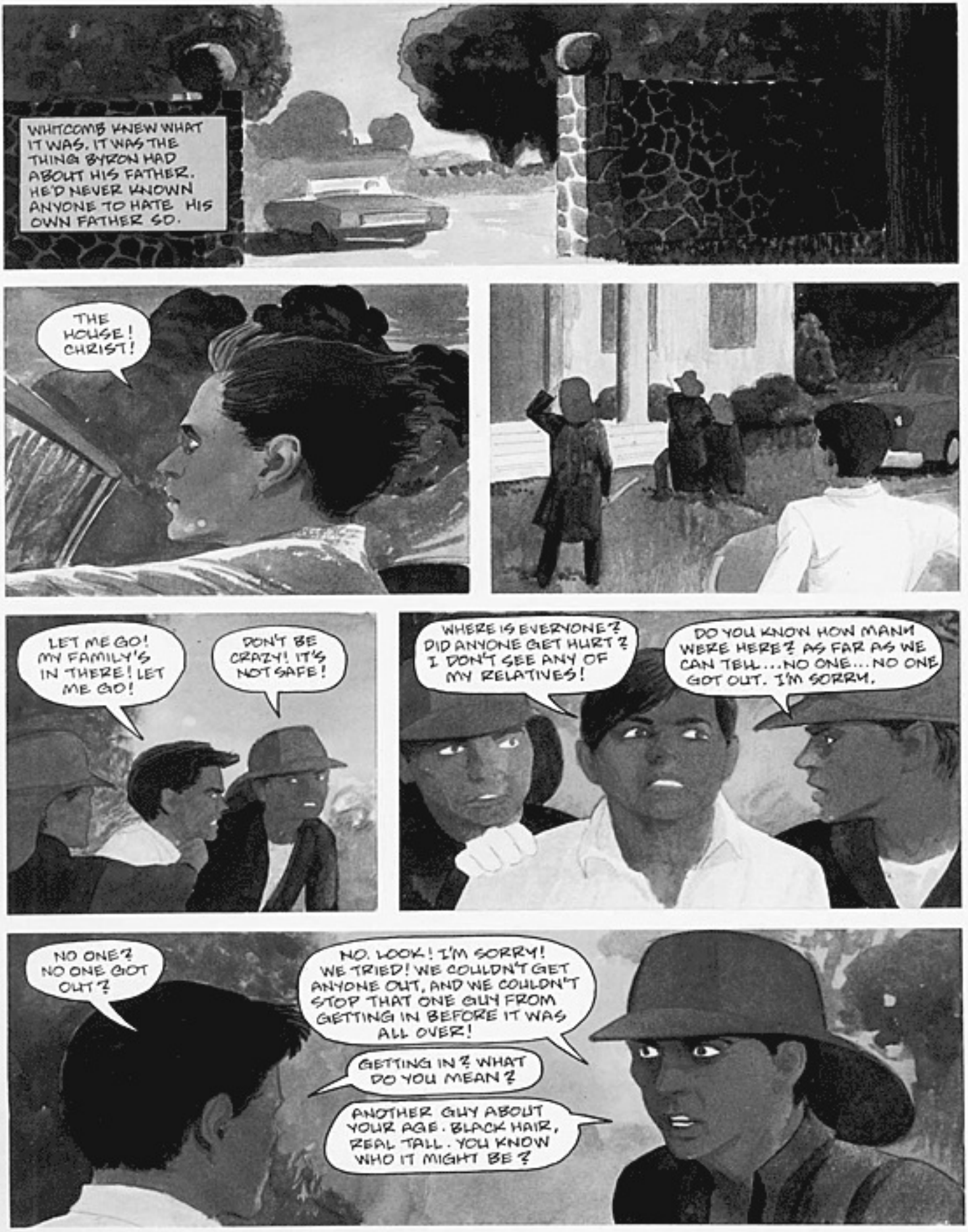

FIRE TRAP
WHITCOMB WAS RACING TO THE OLD HOME PLACE. HE KNEW IT WOULD BE TOO LATE TO INTERCEPT BYRON, BUT MAYBE HE'D GET THERE BEFORE BYRON TRIED ANYTHING CRAZY.
James Robert Smith
writer
Mike Hoffman
artist/letterer

CRAZY? INSANE WAS THE WORD.


BYRON HAD STOPPED BY TO SEE HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE. WHITCOMB KNEW BECAUSE HE'D FOUND THE NOTE UNDER THE HOOD OF HIS CAR WHEN IT WOULDN'T START; THE NOTE BYRON HAD LEFT IN PLACE OF THE BATTERY, DISTRIBUTOR CAP AND GOD KNEW WHAT ELSE.


SORRY I HAD TO DO THIS, STEVE. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL WANT TO BE AT THE FAMILY REUNION THIS YEAR. YOU KNOW I ALWAYS LIKED YOU AND DON'T BLAME YOU FOR THE WAY THINGS TURNED OUT. AT LEAST YOU TRIED TO HELP. DON'T TRY TO COME IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN
BYRON
CRAZY, INDEED.

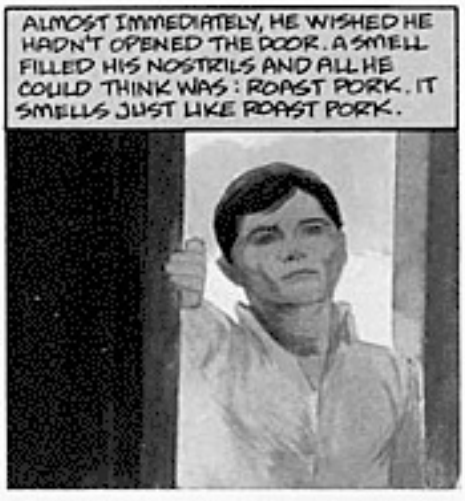
HE'D TRIED TO CALL THE "OLD HOME PLACE", AS HIS UNCLES ALL CALLED IT, BUT THERE HAD BEEN NO ANSWER. THERE WAS NO TELLING WHAT BYRON WAS UP TO. WHEN YOU HATED SOMETHING SO INTENSELY...


WHITCOMB KNEW WHAT IT WAS. IT WAS THE THING BYRON HAD ABOUT HIS FATHER. HE'D NEVER KNOWN ANYONE TO HATE HIS OWN FATHER SO.
THE HOUSE! CHRIST!
LET ME GO! MY FAMILY'S IN THERE! LET ME GO!
DON'T BE CRAZY! IT'S NOT SAFE!
WHERE IS EVERYONE? DID ANYONE GET HURT? I DON'T SEE ANY OF MY RELATIVES!
DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY WERE HERE? AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL... NO ONE... NO ONE GOT OUT. I'M SORRY.
NO ONE? NO ONE GOT OUT?
NO. LOOK! I'M SORRY! WE TRIED! WE COULDN'T GET ANYONE OUT, AND WE COULDN'T STOP THAT ONE GUY FROM GETTING IN BEFORE IT WAS ALL OVER!
GETTING IN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
ANOTHER GUY ABOUT YOUR AGE. BLACK HAIR, REAL TALL. YOU KNOW WHO IT MIGHT BE?

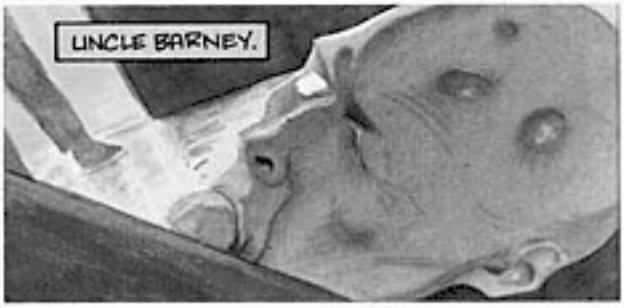
BYRON!

STOP HIM!
IF BYRON WAS IN THERE, IF HE WAS STILL INSIDE, WHITCOMB WAS GOING TO FIND HIM AND KILL HIM!

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE WAS BARELY SCORCHED. YOU COULD HARDLY TELL THERE HAD BEEN A FIRE IF YOU LOOKED NO DEEPER THAN THAT PALE FACADE. WHITCOMB PULLED.


ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, HE WISHED HE HADN'T OPENED THE DOOR. A SMELL FILLED HIS NOSTRILS AND ALL HE COULD THINK WAS: ROAST PORK. IT SMELLS JUST LIKE ROAST PORK.

NO! AGH! NO!
HE COULD RECOGNIZE THEM ALL. COUSIN VAL (HER BABY WAS ONLY SIX MONTHS OLD!) AUNT TIMMIE...


UNCLE BARNEY.

HE GROANED, SPILLING IT, LETTING IT ALL OUT.

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING. THIS...

YEARS BEFORE.
...CAN'T BE, BYRON! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? IT'S CRAZY!
YOU'VE GOT TO SEE, STEVE! I'M NOT CRAZY, AND I'M NOT LYING! HE REALLY IS NOT HUMAN!

LOOK, BYRON. WE ALL KNOW YOUR DAD IS A STRANGE BIRD. BUT HE'S NOT INHUMAN. YOU SAW HE'S BEEN HARD ON YOU, MAKING YOU STUDY. THAT'S NOT THAT UNUSUAL.
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT'S THAT BOOK! THAT DAMNED BOOK!

WHAT KIND OF BOOK? I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
IT'S A BOOK OF RIDDLES...
RIDDLES?! WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT...
SHUT UP! SHUT UP AND LET ME FINISH!

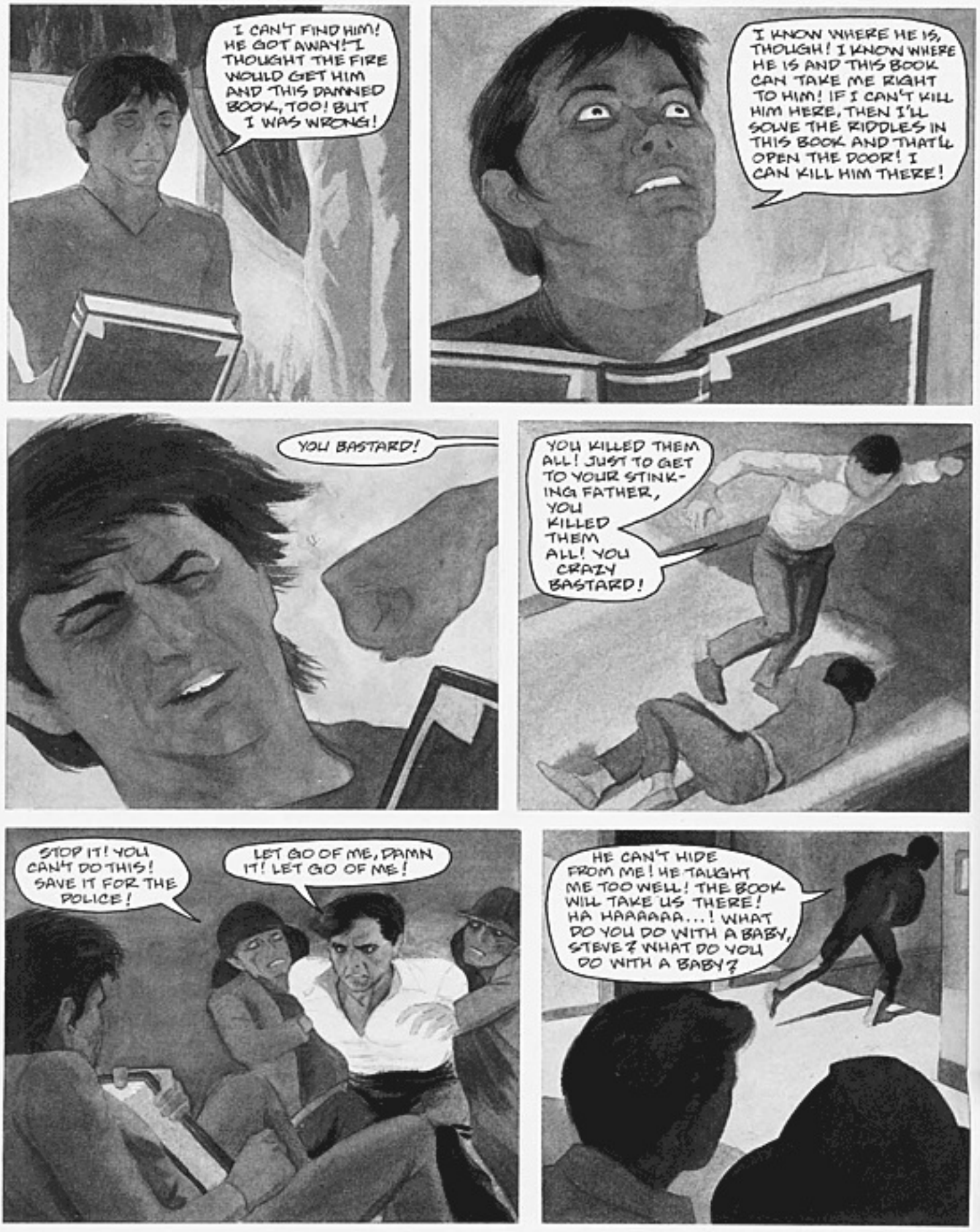
AND THEN THE WORDS HAD FLOWED OUT OF HIM AS FAST AS HE COULD GET THEM OUT. HE PROBABLY WASN'T CAPABLE OF STOPPING, AT ANY RATE. WHITCOMB LISTENED.
SOMEBODY NEEDS TO KILL HIM, STEVE! NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HE'S DONE, WHAT HE STILL DOES, WHAT HE'S CAPABLE OF DOING! NO ONE BELIEVES ME; THEY THINK I'M CRAZY! BUT OF COURSE THEY NEVER SAW THAT BOOK. OH, HELL, NO.

THEY NEVER HAD TO LISTEN WHILE HE READ OUT OF IT. THEY NEVER HAD TO LOOK AT IT. THEY NEVER HAD THEIR FATHER OPEN IT UP IN FRONT OF THEM AND THEN HOLD THEIR HEADS SO THAT THEY COULDN'T TURN THEIR FACES FROM THOSE GODDAMNED PAGES!

AND THE RIDDLES. WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A BABY, STEVE? WHAT? I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: "HOLD IT, KISS IT, LOVE IT"! BUT THAT'S NOT IT! THAT'S NOT IT!

WHAT YOU DO WITH A BABY IS BASH ITS BRAINS OUT ON THE BLACK STONE!
AND WHITCOMB HAD KNOWN THAT BYRON WAS AS CRAZY AS A SHARK IN A TUB OF BLOOD.

LISTEN, PAL. I UNDERSTAND THESE PEOPLE ARE YOUR FAMILY, BUT YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE RIGHT NOW. IT ISN'T SAFE.
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME. BYRON SET THIS FIRE AND HE'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE, AND I DAMNED WELL INTEND TO FIND HIM.
LET'S JUST LET HIM HAVE A LOOK DOWN HERE, AND THEN WE'LL TALK HIM OUT OF IT. WE'LL TAG ALONG AND MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T HURT HIMSELF.
ALL RIGHT. BUT I DON'T LIKE IT.
SOMEONE STIRRED ON THE LANDING ABOVE, MOVING THROUGH THE ASH AND THE MESS.
WAIT!
BYRON!


I CAN'T FIND HIM! HE GOT AWAY! I THOUGHT THE FIRE WOULD GET HIM AND THIS DAMNED BOOK, TOO! BUT I WAS WRONG!
I KNOW WHERE HE IS, THOUGH! I KNOW WHERE HE IS AND THIS BOOK CAN TAKE ME RIGHT TO HIM! IF I CAN'T KILL HIM HERE, THEN I'LL SOLVE THE RIDDLES IN THIS BOOK AND THAT'LL OPEN THE DOOR! I CAN KILL HIM THERE!
YOU BASTARD!
YOU KILLED THEM ALL! JUST TO GET TO YOUR STINKING FATHER, YOU KILLED THEM ALL! YOU CRAZY BASTARD!
STOP IT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! SAVE IT FOR THE POLICE!
LET GO OF ME, DAMN IT! LET GO OF ME!
HE CAN'T HIDE FROM ME! HE TAUGHT ME TOO WELL! THE BOOK WILL TAKE US THERE! HA HAAAAAA...! WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A BABY, STEVE? WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A BABY?

CHRIST, LET'S JUST GET OUT OF HERE. THE POLICE CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT BASTARD.
COME ON, MAN. YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE WITH US.
O-OKAY. ALRIGHT, I'LL COME.

SOMEWHERE, WORDS ARE SPOKEN. BYRON KNOWS THE RIDDLEBOOK IS A PUZZLE, A PUZZLE TO BE SOLVED TO OPEN THE WAY. HE SPEAKS, PLACES THE KEY INTO THE LOCK, AND TURNS IT.

THE DOORS TO HELL OPEN WIDE.
JESUS!
WHAT THE HELL? LOOK OUT!

WHAT HAPPENED?
I'M NOT SURE. I THINK PART OF THE HOUSE COLLAPSED. SOMETHING BLOCKED OFF THE FRONT DOOR, OR SOMETHING. I CAN'T SEE SHIT WITHOUT MY LAMP!
COME ON! LET'S JUST GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

I THINK WE CAN DO SOME BUSINESS, MY GOOD MAN.
SNAP
KRAK
PUNCH

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED GAME, BARNEY OLD PAL?

COME ON, NOW. BE CAREFUL.
YOU CAN NEVER TELL IF THE STAIRCASE IS SOLID AFTER A FIRE.

SHHH. WHAT'S THAT?

WHITCOMB CAN SEE THE FACE OF HIS UNCLE BARNEY IN THE THING THAT CLIMBS THE STAIRCASE. HE'S PRETTY SURE THAT AT LEAST TWO OF THE GRASPING CLAWS HAD BELONGED TO HIS FIRST COUSIN, MEG; HE'D WATCHED HER PLAY THE PIANO OFTEN ENOUGH--SHE'D BEEN QUITE GOOD.
AAAHHHHH!

MOVE, YOU IDIOT! RUN!

OSIER! NO!

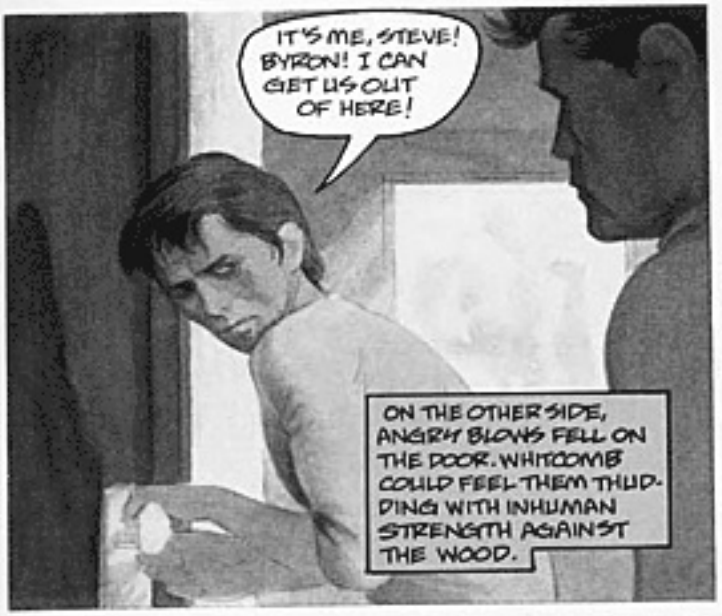
FOLLOW ME! WE CAN GET OUT THIS WAY!
BEHIND, THE BITING AND TEARING CONTINUE. OSIER DOES NOT SCREAM FOR LONG.

IS IT COMING?
NO. I-I THINK IT'S STILL B-BUSY.
AHEAD, WHITCOMB KNEW THERE WAS A WAY OUT THROUGH THE PLAYROOM— ANOTHER WAY DOWN.
HERE! THIS ONE! IF I CAN JUST... GET... THE DOOR...
... OPEN!
WHITCOMB RECOGNIZES MOST OF THE FACES THERE— AT LEAST THE ONES OF THOSE COUSINS OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE BEEN BORN BEFORE THE PREVIOUS REUNION.
SWISH!
WHILE THE OTHER SCREAMS AND THE THING ATTACKS, WHITCOMB FORCES HIMSELF TO TAKE THE FLASHLIGHT.

HE KNEW THE HOUSE WELL.
HE WENT FROM ONE ROOM TO THE NEXT, USING ENTRANCES HE HAD REMEMBERED BY HEART IN HIS GRANDFATHER'S HUGE PLACE.
AND EACH TIME HE LATCHED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM WHEN HE COULD.
NOTHING SEEMED TO BE FOLLOWING HIM, AND HE MET NOTHING AS HE CREPT.
COME ON IN. TAKE YOUR SHOES OFF. SET A SPELL.

HE'D LOST.

AAAAGH! NOOOO!

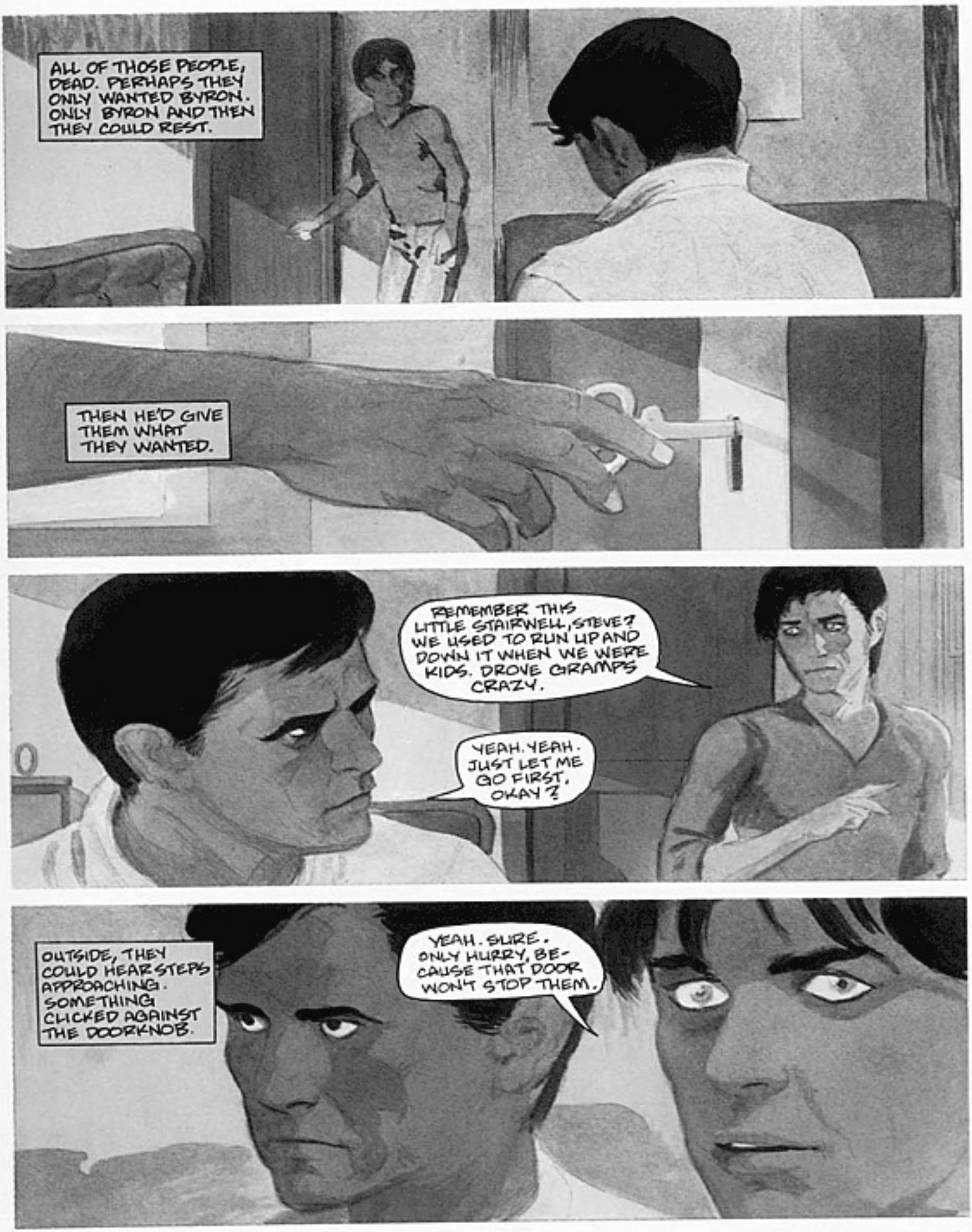

IT'S ME, STEVE! BYRON! I CAN GET US OUT OF HERE!
ON THE OTHER SIDE, ANGRY BLOWS FELL ON THE DOOR. WHITCOMB COULD FEEL THEM THUDDING WITH INHUMAN STRENGTH AGAINST THE WOOD.

WE CAN'T HANG AROUND. THAT DOOR WON'T HOLD THEM FOR LONG, AND WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE. THERE'S ANOTHER STAIRWELL TO THE BASEMENT. REMEMBER?

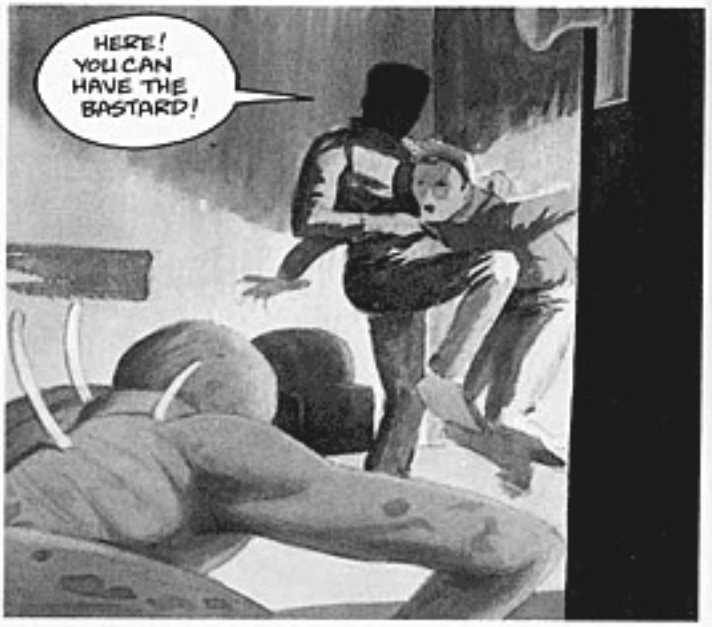
IT'S LOCKED!

DON'T WORRY. I HAVE THE KEY.

I THINK WE'LL BE SAFE IN HERE FOR A MOMENT.
BYRON! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S GOING ON? NONE OF THIS CAN BE REAL!
OH, NO? I TRIED TO TELL YOU, ALL OF YOU! BUT YOU JUST WOULDN'T LISTEN. IF ONLY SOME OF THE OTHERS HAD LISTENED TO ME, THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO DO WHAT I DID!
GOD, BYRON, HOW COULD YOU DO IT? YOU KILLED EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE JUST TO GET TO YOUR FATHER!
AND TO THINK I NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED. I THOUGHT I COULD INCINERATE HIM, BUT MY FATHER'S A GUARDIAN, A PUZZLE GUARDIAN! I TOLD YOU HE WASN'T HUMAN!
ALL FOR NOTHING. SHIT.
IT MADE NO SENSE TO WHITCOMB.
WHY ARE THEY CHASING US, BYRON? ARE THEY AFTER YOU? ARE THEY ONLY TRYING TO GET TO THE PERSON WHO KILLED THEM ALL?
SSSHHHH!
I CAN HEAR THEM. THEY'RE OUT THERE.

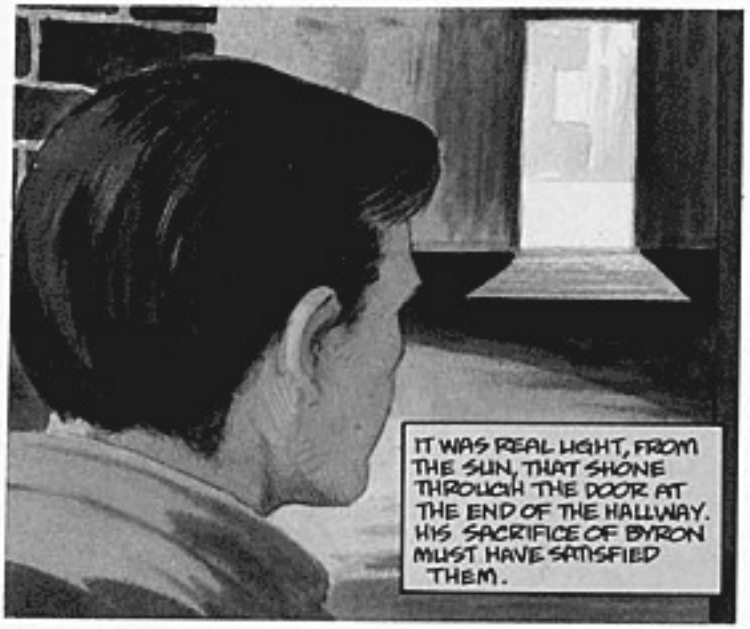

ALL OF THOSE PEOPLE, DEAD. PERHAPS THEY ONLY WANTED BYRON. ONLY BYRON AND THEN THEY COULD REST.
THEN HE'D GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED.
REMEMBER THIS LITTLE STAIRWELL, STEVE? WE USED TO RUN UP AND DOWN IT WHEN WE WERE KIDS. DROVE GRAMPS CRAZY.
YEAH. YEAH. JUST LET ME GO FIRST, OKAY?
OUTSIDE, THEY COULD HEAR STEPS APPROACHING. SOMETHING CLICKED AGAINST THE DOORKNOB.
YEAH. SURE. ONLY HURRY, BECAUSE THAT DOOR WON'T STOP THEM.

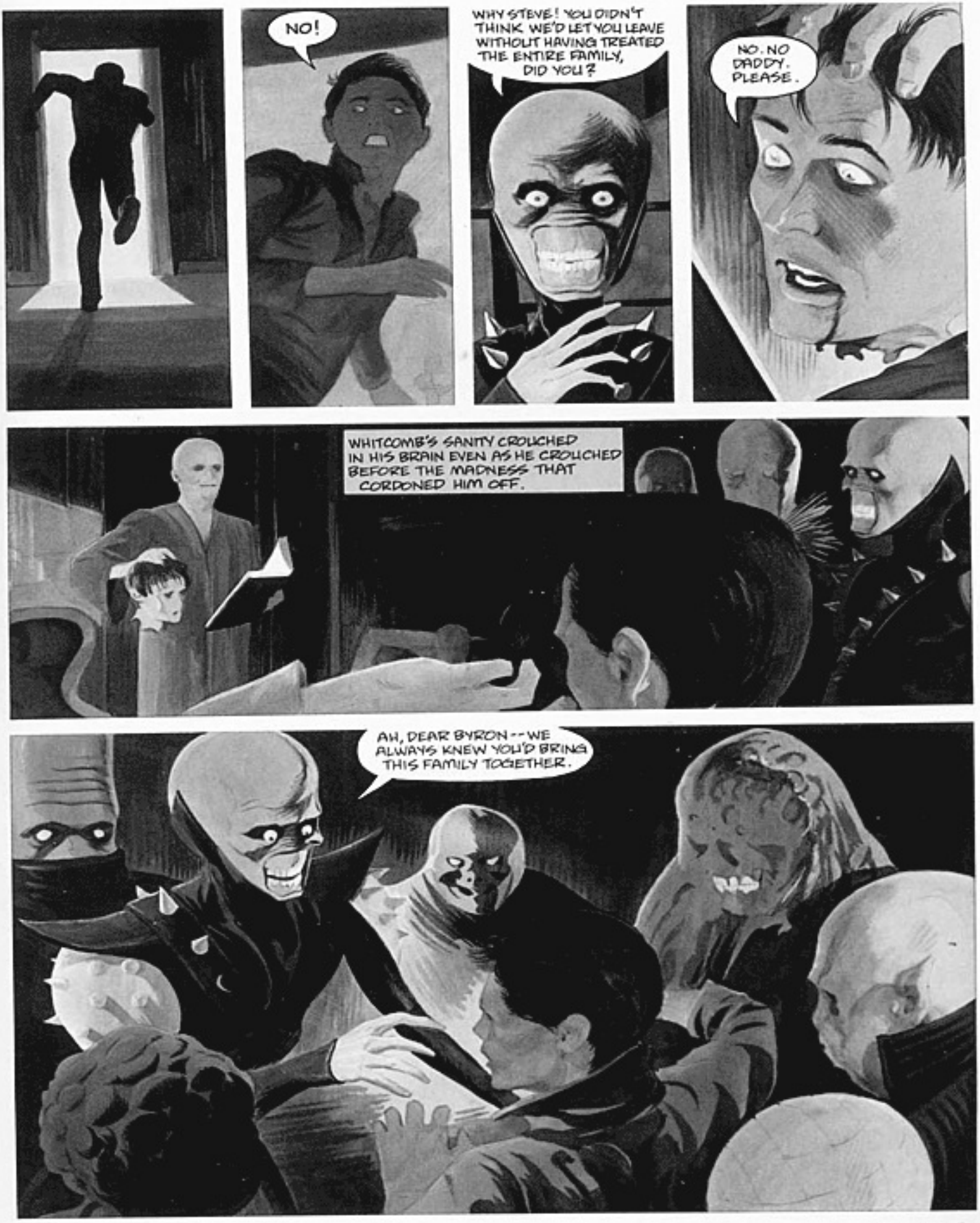
WHAT?!


HERE! YOU CAN HAVE THE BASTARD!

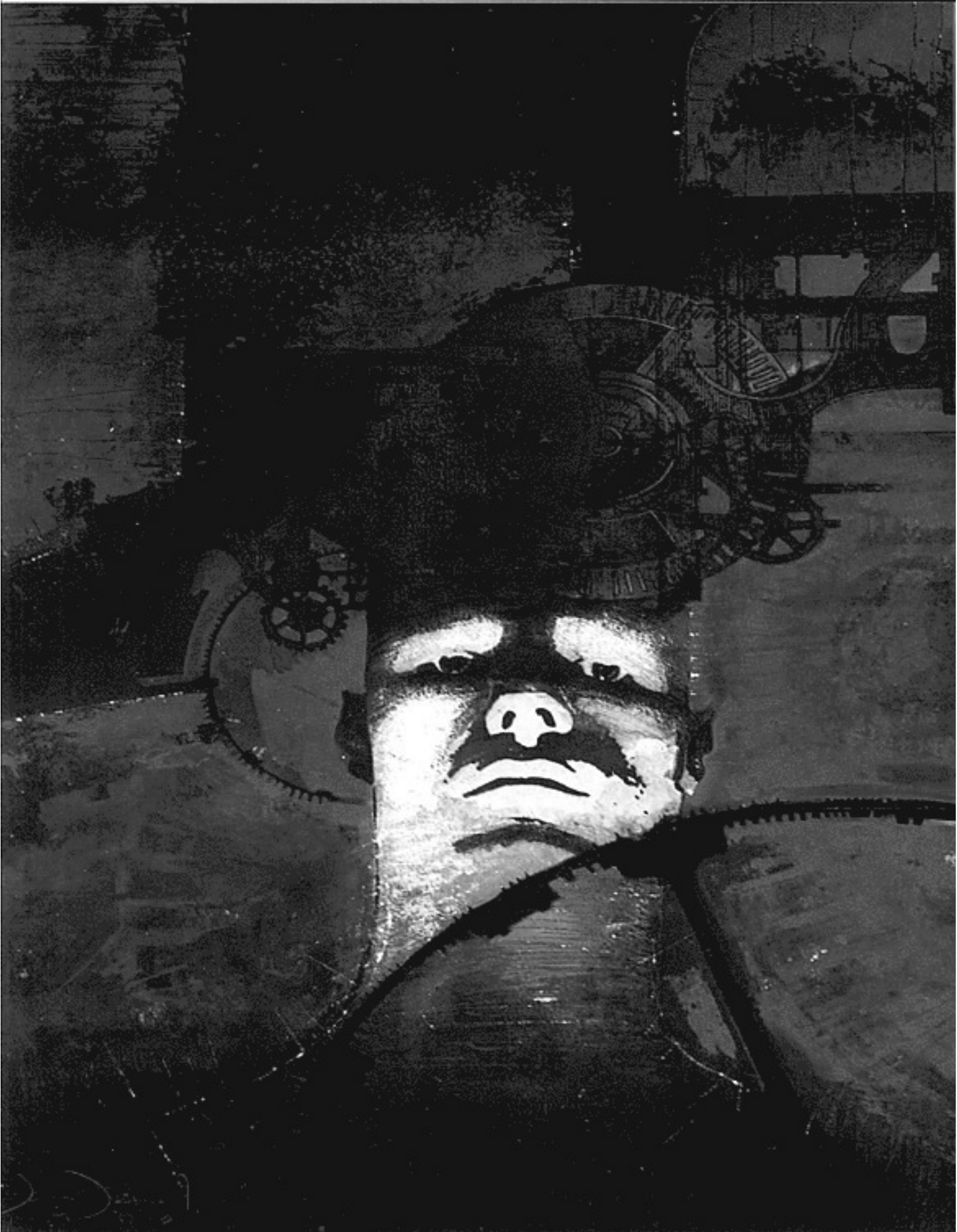
HE RAN DOWN THE DUST-COVERED STAIRWAY, TRYING TO BLOCK OUT THE LONG, KEENING SCREAMS OF HIS COUSIN. WITH ANY LUCK, THOSE SCREAMS WOULD LAST UNTIL HE GOT TO THE GROUND FLOOR.

HERE. HE WAS ON THE GROUND FLOOR. HE WAS SURE OF IT.


IT WAS REAL LIGHT, FROM THE SUN, THAT SHONE THROUGH THE DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY. HIS SACRIFICE OF BYRON MUST HAVE SATISFIED THEM.


NO!
WHY STEVE! YOU DIDN'T THINK WE'D LET YOU LEAVE WITHOUT HAVING TREATED THE ENTIRE FAMILY, DID YOU?
NO. NO DADDY. PLEASE.
WHITCOMB'S SANITY CROUCHED IN HIS BRAIN EVEN AS HE CROUCHED BEFORE THE MADNESS THAT CORDONED HIM OFF.
AH, DEAR BYRON -- WE ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D BRING THIS FAMILY TOGETHER.

The End



MEMO TO MYSELF. DON'T CALL THEM "LEMMINGS."
THEY'RE CALLED "LEMMINGS" IN THE NEWS REPORTS. BUT THE WORD OFFENDS DR. TAKATA.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD.
I CAN'T RISK... CAN'T JEOPARDIZE MY POSITION ON THE TEAM. I'VE GOT TO BE A PART OF THIS.
ALLEN... I SWEAR IT, BROTHER. I'M GOING TO FIND YOU.
THE SAME AS YOU FOUND ME...
Ron Wolfe
writer
Dan Spiegle
artist
Carrie Spiegle
letterer

GLITTER AND GO

EVERY TIME I GOT LOST AS A KID. EVERY TIME I NEEDED HELP. MOST OF ALL THE NIGHT THE HOUSE BURNED. YOU FOUND ME...
I COULDN'T SEE. COULDN'T BREATHE. I WAS TOO SCARED TO MOVE. BUT, ALLEN, BIG BROTHER, YOU CAME LOOKING FOR ME.
...AND LOST AN EYE FOR ME... BLINDED AND BURNED FOR ME...THAT'S A HELL OF A DEBT THAT I OWE, SO I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER--
DON'T CALL THEM LEMMINGS.
THE HARTSHORNE TOWER OVERLOOKS DOWNTOWN SEATTLE FROM A HEIGHT OF 50 STORIES. BUT ALEX HUNTER ISN'T HERE TO ADMIRE THE MORNING VIEW FROM THE ROOFTOP.
ALEX REGARDS THIS SILENT GATHERING OF PEOPLE WITH A FEAR AS COLD AS THE STREAKS OF GRAY MIST THAT CLING TO THE HIGHEST LEVELS OF THE OFFICE TOWER.

DR. WILLIAM TAKATA IS EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST IN ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE AND CAMERA GEAR, SOME OF WHICH HE DEVELOPED. HE TRUSTS NONE OF THIS HIGH-TECH GADGETRY TO PERFORM TO THE LEVEL OF HIS OWN INTUITION...AND A GOOD PAIR OF BINOCULARS.
TAKE US CLOSER TO THE ROOFTOP.
NOW!...
THESE ARE SIMPLE ACTIONS, THINGS THAT NORMAL PEOPLE DO EVERY DAY. JINGLING COINS, TAKING OFF BITS OF JEWELRY...
BUT TAKATA KEEPS A CLOSE WATCH, KNOWING ALL TOO WELL THE SUDDEN HORROR OF SIMPLE THINGS.
TEAM ALERT! WATCH FOR THE GLITTER!

POST ONE IS AFFIRMITIVE. I SEE IT!...
A WOMAN APPROACHES FROM OUT OF THE CROWD. SHE IS WEARING THE KIND OF DRESS THAT ALEX'S MOTHER ALWAYS LIKED TO WEAR SHOPPING.
GLITTER. I HAVE... GLITTER..
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? PLEASE-- PLEASE!
TELL ME!... WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?
THE PUPILS OF HER EYES HAVE OPENED WIDE. DEAD BLACK. LEMMING EYES--
I HEARD THE CALL. I KNOW THE WAY. DON'T YOU?

GLITTER AND GO!
GLITTER AND GO!
GLITTER AND GO!
GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, COINS, BOTTLECAPS, OTHER BITS OF WORTHLESS METAL -- THESE SHINY THINGS COMBINE TO CATCH THE SUNLIGHT.
FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF TAKATA'S HELICOPTER, THE TOP OF THE HARTSHORNE TOWER SEEMS TO HAVE EXPLODED INTO GLITTERS OF LIGHT.

ALEX ESCAPES FROM THE RUSH OF THE CROWD THE ONLY WAY HE CAN— OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOFTOP.
SWIPP
THE PARA-GLIDER IS TAKATA'S DESIGN, A WAY TO NAVIGATE THE CONCRETE CANYONS OF THE CITY'S AIR SPACE.
THE WOMAN WHO SPOKE TO ME!...
THE WORST TO SEE ARE THE ONES HE CAN RECOGNIZE AS INDIVIDUALS. AS VICTIMS--
ALL TOO LATE. THEY SCREAM AND GRASP AT THE AIR.

A FLASH OF GLITTER-LIGHT. THE WOMAN IS GONE FROM ALEX'S SIGHT.
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
FWOOSH
GET HOLD OF REALITY, HUNTER. PAY ATTENTION TO THE WIND CURRENTS, YOU'RE LOSING CONTROL...
UNGFFF
CRACK
'GLIDER'S TANGLED... CAN'T TELL IF IT'S GOING TO HOLD...

WHUUD
AAAAAA

THE RINGING CLEARS FROM ALEX'S HEAD. THE PAIN DOESN'T. HIS EYES OPEN TO HORROR AT THE BASE OF THE TOWER...THE BODIES, THE SCAVENGERS WITH THEIR BLOODIED HANDS FULL OF MONEY AND JEWELRY.

HE FORCES HIMSELF TO LOOK CLOSELY, TO SEARCH AMONG THE LIVING AND THE DEAD FOR THE WOMAN WHO SEEMED TO HAVE VANISHED IN MID-AIR.

SHE IS NOT AMONG THEM.
UHH... HHH, HHHH, HHHH

ALLEN... ALLEN I NEED YOU HERE, I NEED HELP, ALLEN. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS...

THAT DAY IN YOUR OFFICE AT THE UNIVERSITY.
ALLEN--THE ANSWER MUST HAVE BEEN THERE, BUT I DIDN'T SEE IT.
...THE LAMENT CONFIGURATION. I'VE MADE A STUDY OF THE ANCIENT BELIEFS THAT SURROUND THIS PUZZLE BOX, ALEX.
IT'S BELIEVED TO BE THE "KEY TO HELL." HMF!...
I DON'T BELIEVE IN HELL, LITTLE BROTHER. EXCEPT FOR HELL ON EARTH...
BUT I'VE COME TO BE CONVINCED THE KEY DOES WORK--THAT IT OPENS THE WAY INTO ANOTHER WORLD, ANOTHER DIMENSION, ANOTHER SCIENCE.
BEING HALF-BLIND WON'T KEEP ME FROM BEING THE DISCOVERER OF THE WORLD, ALEX. BECAUSE I'VE ALREADY LEARNED SO MUCH MORE...

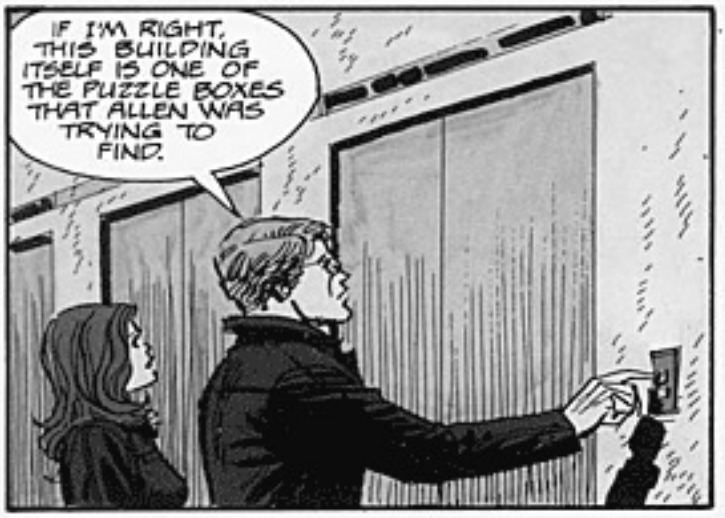
THE ELEGY CONFIGURATION...THE TEARS OF ETERNITY... THE CONDEMNATION BOX.
ALL THESE YEARS, I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE LAMENT BOX. BUT NOW, I'VE LEARNED THERE MAY BE THOUSANDS OF BOXES, THOUSANDS OF KEYS--
ALL I NEED IS TO FIND ONE!
I COULD HELP--
IF I NEED YOU, LITTLE BROTHER... I'LL CALL.
"HE KNEW THE WEIGHT OF GUILT THAT I CARRIED EVER SINCE THE FIRE... HOW MUCH I WANTED TO PAY BACK THAT DEBT. BUT EVEN THE LOCK ON HIS SAFE SEEMED INTENDED TO MAKE ME FEEL INADEQUATE
"I NEVER COULD REMEMBER THE NUMBERS TO OPEN A COMBINATION LOCK."

I'D GONE THERE TO TELL HIM I WAS GOING TO DROP OUT OF COLLEGE. I'LL NEVER BE ALLEN'S IDEA OF A SCIENTIST. I'M NO GOOD AT PROBLEM-SOLVING.
BUT I COULDN'T FIND THE WORDS TO TELL HIM...COULDN'T EVEN QUIT RIGHT.
HE DID EVERYTHING SO WELL, GEENA--EVERYTHING SO DAMNED WELL WITHOUT ME.
UNTIL HE JUMPED. UNTIL HE RAN WITH THE LEMMINGS--
UNTIL HE WASN'T THERE...WHEN THE BODIES WERE COUNTED.
SHHH. YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING MORE ABOUT IT, NOT TONIGHT.

WE BELIEVE THE FIRST RUN OCCURRED IN CALCUTTA, IN JANUARY OF 1990. SINCE THEN, WE HAVE DOCUMENTED MORE THAN 100 MASS JUMPS FROM OFFICE TOWERS--IN LONDON, MADRID, HOUSTON...
WE HAVE RECORDED SPECIFIC MANNERISMS--IN PARTICULAR, THE PHENOMENON OF 'GLITTER,' OF THROWING BRIGHT OBJECTS INTO THE AIR JUST BEFORE A JUMP.
IT IS MY BELIEF THE OBJECTS REPRESENT A SURRENDER OF WORLDLY THINGS, PERHAPS OF WORLDLY BEAUTY.
I DON'T EVER WANT TO LOSE YOU, GEENA. BUT I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH...
I DON'T BELONG ON THE TAKATA TEAM WITH YOU. THE GRADE TRANSCRIPTS, THE CREDENTIALS THAT GOT ME HERE... I FAKED WHAT I DIDN'T HAVE.
I JUSTIFIED HAVING LIED TO DR. TAKATA BY TELLING MYSELF THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY TO DETERMINE WHAT HAPPENED TO ALLEN. BUT NOW--
OH, SWEET... JEEZ...THERE IT...IS...

THE TOWER, THE HARTSHORNE TOWER! IT'S--
ALEX, WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT'S WRONG?
THE HARTSHORNE TOWER--I KNOW WHAT IT IS.
IT'S THE CONDEMNATION BOX!
ALEX, WAIT. WE NEED TO ALERT DR. TAKATA. WE NEED THE REST OF THE TEAM. WE CAN'T JUST--
THE HELL WE CAN'T.

IN THE LOBBY OF THE HARTSHORNE TOWER--
ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT YOUR CLEARANCE.
BUT THE SHOW'S OVER. THE BUILDING'S EMPTY. TWENTY-SEVEN PEOPLE DIED HERE THIS MORNING, AND YOU WEREN'T OF ANY USE TO A ONE OF 'EM...


IF I'M RIGHT, THIS BUILDING ITSELF IS ONE OF THE PUZZLE BOXES THAT ALLEN WAS TRYING TO FIND.

HE FOUND THE ONE THAT WORKED FOR HIM IN HOUSTON--THE GULF SHORE TOWER. AND I'VE FOUND *THIS* ONE.

BUT IF IT'S A PUZZLE...HOW DO WE SOLVE IT?

DON'T YOU KNOW, ALEX? CAN'T YOU HEAR THE CALL?
I KNOW THE WAY...
GEENA, NO!--
IT'S NOT A CALL, IT'S A TRAP, GEENA, BELIEVE ME!--
I KNOW... BUT HOW DO I KNOW?
STAIRS
GEENA?...

STAIRS
GEENA!
SSSSS
SSSSS
CAN'T TELL WHERE IT'S COMING FROM--INSIDE THE BUILDING, OR...
THAT SOUND!...A VOICE? I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT.
GEENA'S FOOTSTEPS CLATTER IN THE STAIRWELL ABOVE HIM, HIGHER AND HIGHER. FARTHER BEYOND REACH--
GEENA!
GEENA!
THE ANSWER COMES IN ECHOES, ECHOES, ECHOES THAT ARE NOT OF HIS OWN VOICE.
ALEX
ALEX
ALEX

A LIFETIME OF PENT-UP GUILT COMES SCREAMING OUT OF HIM.
ALLEN!
I SET THE FIRE IN THE BEDROOM, ALLEN. I MEANT TO BURN YOU ALIVE -- AND YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN IT, HAVEN'T YOU?
I WAS ONLY A KID, ALLEN -- A 10-YEAR-OLD KID, JEALOUS OF YOU.
BUT I'M THE ONE TO BLAME. I'M THE ONE TO BE PUNISHED FOR IT, ALLEN -- NOT GEENA.
7
"NOT THE OTHERS, SO MANY OTHERS. ALLEN! DID THEY DIE FOR ANY REASON... EXCEPT TO BRING ME HERE?
"WHAT DID YOU WHISPER TO THEM, ALLEN? WHAT DID YOU PROMISE THEM? WHAT TERRIBLE LIES?
"IS IT YOU THAT I FEEL IN MY HEAD?"
STAIRS TO SEVEN, ELEVATOR TO TWENTY-ONE, STAIRS TO THIRTY-THREE...
GEENA! WAIT!

"ELEVATOR TO TWENTY-ONE..."
THE LIGHT SHOWS HIM THAT GEENA'S CAR HAS STOPPED ON THE TWENTY-FIRST FLOOR...
STAIRS TO THIRTY-THREE... SEVEN, TWENTY-ONE, THIRTY-THREE...
A COMBINATION!
LIKE THE NUMBERS TO ALLEN'S COMBINATION LOCK.
INSTEAD OF LEFT TURN, RIGHT TURN... STAIRS AND ELEVATORS.
OF COURSE!-- A SEQUENCE BASED ON THE NUMBERS OF THE FLOORS, ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF THE BUILDING.
BUT WHAT HAPPENS...WHEN THE LOCK OPENS?
ALEX RIDES STRAIGHT TO THE TOP--BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH.
GEENA! GET BACK FROM THE EDGE!...

GLITTER--
GLITTER AND GO--
SWPP-P
GEENA STRUGGLES TO KEEP ALEX FROM PULLING THE RIP CORD ON HER PARA-GLIDER--THE CORD THAT MIGHT SAVE HER LIFE.
THROUGH THE LIGHT THAT EXPLODES AROUND HIM, ALEX CAN SEE THAT GEENA'S PARA-GLIDER HAS SNAPPED OPEN. SHE IS FALLING TO SAFETY.
FWOOSH
BUT HE IS NOT--

TELL TAKATA!--
TELL HIM HOW THE PUZZLE WORKS!
SWIPP-P
I CLIMBED TO THE TOP BY THE RIGHT COMBINATION.
WHEN I JUMPED...I FELL THROUGH A SCHISM...
FWOOSH
--TO THE DIFFERENT DIMENSION THAT ALLEN DISCOVERED AHEAD OF ME.
ALLEN! I CAN FEEL YOU, ALLEN... INSIDE MY HEAD--WORKING OUT THE PROBLEM FOR ME. TELLING ME THE ANSWERS.
"JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, ISN'T IT, ALLEN?--YOU NEVER COULD STAND TO WAIT FOR ME TO FIGURE THINGS OUT FOR MYSELF."

"AND YOU'VE WAITED SUCH A LONG TIME FOR THIS VENGEANCE..."
WHUP
HELLO, LITTLE BROTHER.
YOU FOUND ME.

The End

MAZE of the MIND

Mark Nelson writer/artist
Willie Schubert letterer

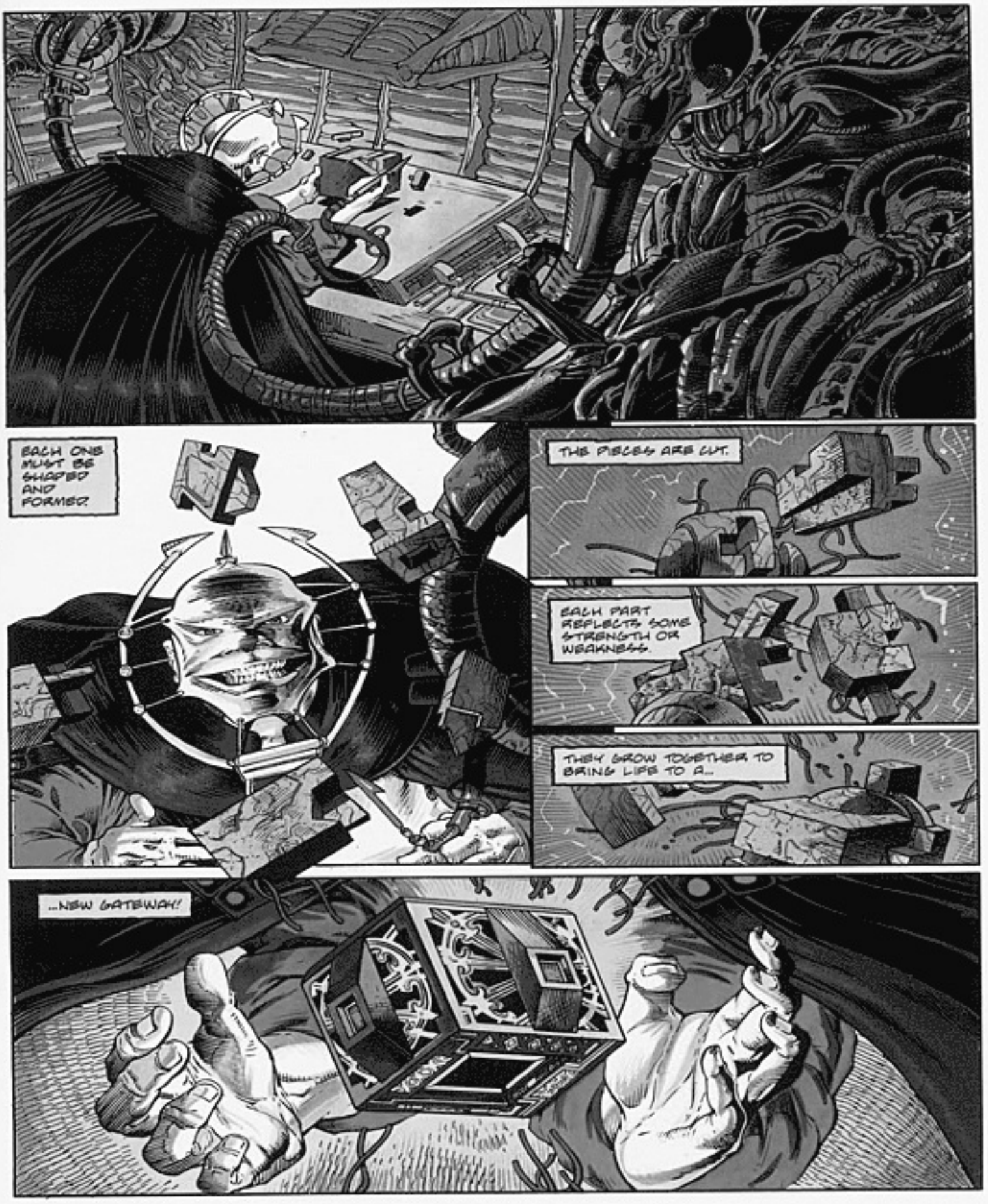
MY OWN PRIVATE HELL WAS NOT FLESH, IT WAS THOUGHT.
I HAD A MIND THAT WAS CONSTANTLY SEARCHING FOR A PURE FORMULA OR EQUATION.
THE BOX BECAME MY MATHEMATICAL GATEWAY.
FLESH IS NOT IMPORTANT.
...AND GET CLOSER TO THE PURE EQUATION.
IT WOULD GIVE ME THE MEANS TO SHED THIS FLESHY FORM.
IT'S SOMETHING YOU TEST THE ELASTICITY OF.

I'VE BEEN PROVIDED WITH EVERYTHING I NEED.
MY OWN PRIVATE WORKSHOP IN HELL.
WHEN LEVIATHAN CALLS, IT'S MY JOB TO CREATE NEW GUARDIANS AND GATEWAYS.
ORNO, I NEED SOMETHING NEW SOMETHING REFRESHING TO REPLACE THESE SOULS I GROW TIRED OF.
LET THE WORK BEGIN!

NOOOOO!
THE FIRST STEP IS SIMPLE. LEVIATHAN SUPPLIES ME WITH THE RAW MATERIAL.
THIS ONE HAS FALLEN FROM GRACE. IT SEEMS HE NO LONGER HAD ANY DESIRE TO BRING HIS FLESHY EXTERIOR TO A FOCAL POINT.
IT'S NOT THEIR EXTERIOR THAT'S IMPORTANT.
IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE.
LET'S HOPE THERE'S SOMETHING THERE TO START WITH.

THE SECOND STEP IS TO EXPOSE THE MIND. THE OPENING OF A NEW MAZE.
THE MAZE OF THE MIND.
IT MUST BE READ.
I FEEL HIS MORTALITY.
ALL HIS QUIRKS, EXPECTATIONS AND SO-CALLED CARNAL DESIRES.
NOT A COMPLEX MIND, BUT ENOUGH TO START WITH.

AFTER THIS PRELIMINARY READING, THE NEXT STEP IS MOST IMPORTANT.
A TASTE.
A SIMPLE TASTE OF THIS MAZE
NOW ONTO THE GATEWAY.
EACH BLANK BOX IS A SMALL PART OF THE WHOLE GATEWAY.

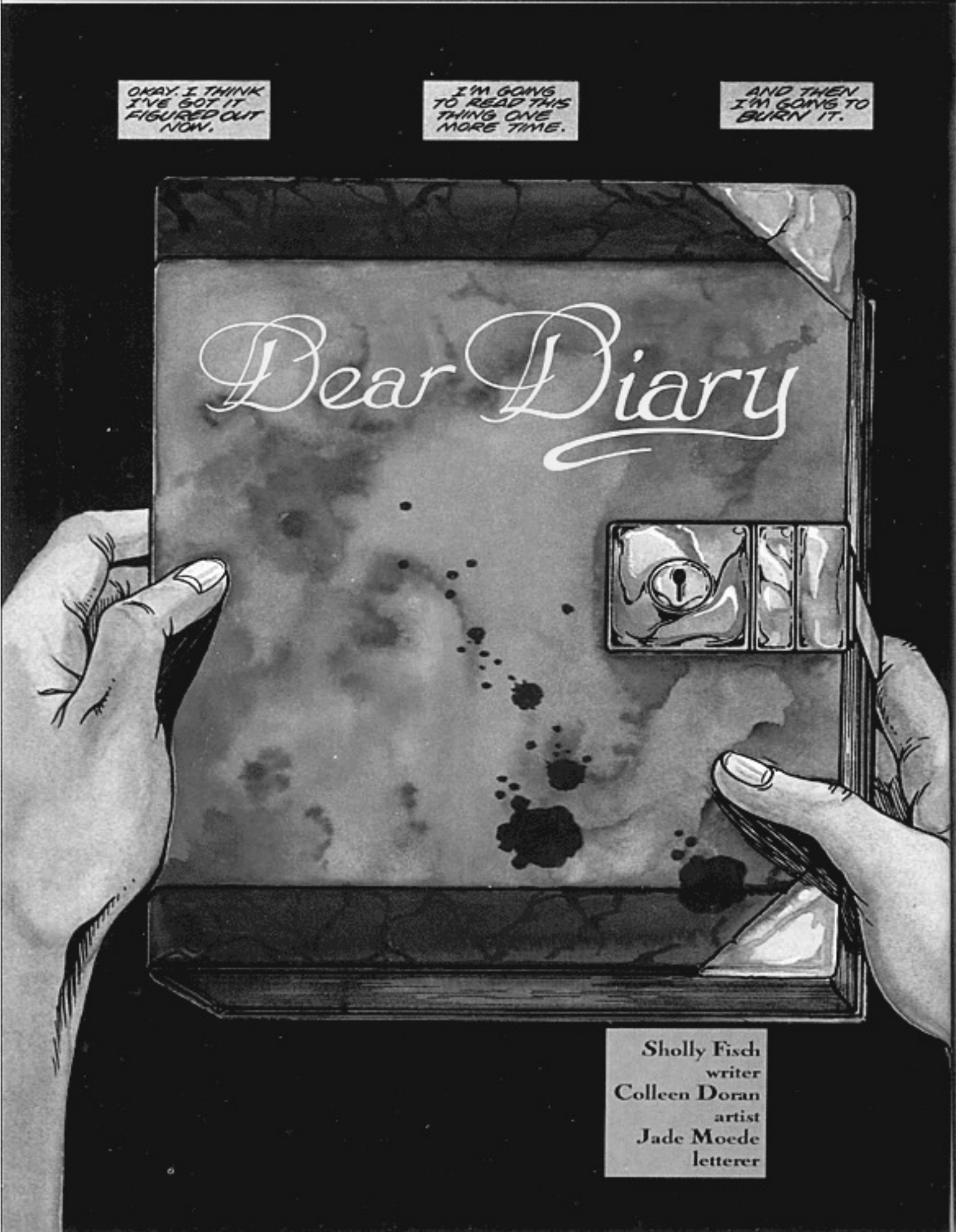

EACH ONE MUST BE SHAPED AND FORMED.
THE PIECES ARE CUT.
EACH PART REFLECTS SOME STRENGTH OR WEAKNESS.
THEY GROW TOGETHER TO BRING LIFE TO A...
...NEW GATEWAY!

OUR FRIEND'S USEFULNESS IS NOT OVER.
JUST A FEW MINOR REPAIRS.
A SHORT JOURNEY TO THE SURFACE OF HELL.
A FAREWELL SPEECH...
...AND PERHAPS A GIFT.
SINCE I'VE TAKEN AWAY EVERYTHING FOR THE GATEWAY...
...IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT I GIVE SOMETHING BACK.
THE DESIRE TO REPRODUCE.

THIS DESIRE WILL GIVE US THE GUARDIAN WE NEED. SOMEONE WHO WILL LOVE AND PROTECT THE BOX.
BUT WE CAN'T HAVE YOUR GENES PASSED ON.
YOU'RE TOO WEAK. MY SEED IS STRONG.
SO, MY GIFT IS DESIRE AND YOU SHALL CARRY MY SEED BACK WITH YOU.
BACK TO EARTH.
SAY, HANDSOME. WANT TO SHOW A GIRL A GOOD TIME?

HEY, A$$HOLE, WHERE'S MY MONEY!
NOOOOO!
SCREEEECHH
GEESH, OFFICER, HE WALKED RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF ME. I TRIED TO STOP AND...
NINE MONTHS LATER.
DAMN! THERE'S NO PULSE!! IT CAN'T BE! IT'S JUST A ROUTINE DELIVERY!
CHECK EVERYTHING! WHAT THE...
SHE'S GONE.
IT'S TOO BAD HE'S A BEAUTIFUL CHILD WITH SUCH LOVELY GREEN EYES.
WE WON'T HAVE A PROBLEM FINDING SOMEONE TO ADOPT HIM.

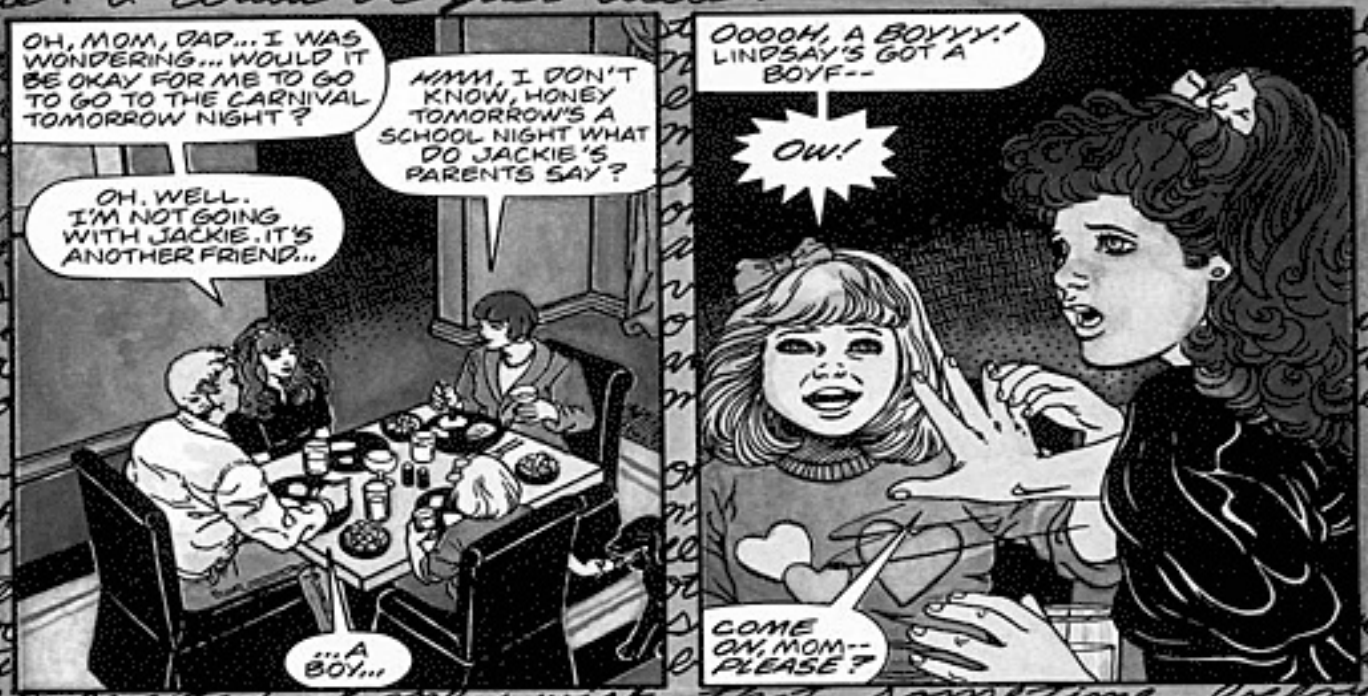
SIXTEEN YEARS LATER IN THE SUBURBS OF KINGSTON.
PACKAGE FOR IAN MILLER.
IAN! THERE'S A PACKAGE HERE FOR YOU.
NOW! IT MUST BE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM GRANDMA!
SON.. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THIS CARD'S SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY... FROM YOUR FATHER"?
THE AVENUES TO HELL ARE PAVED BY MY GENES, AND I ALWAYS DID LIKE MY BYES. IT'S A MARK, MARK OF A GREAT MIND.
End



Sholly Fisch
writer
Colleen Doran
artist
Jade Moede
letterer

Dear Diary,

You'll never guess what happened today: Bill Grecco asked me out! Bill Grecco!!! I was at the mall with Jackie and he came right out and asked me in front of Jackie and everyone! I could've just died.


OH, MOM, DAD... I WAS WONDERING... WOULD IT BE OKAY FOR ME TO GO TO GO TO THE CARNIVAL TOMORROW NIGHT?
HMM, I DON'T KNOW, HONEY TOMORROW'S A SCHOOL NIGHT WHAT DO JACKIE'S PARENTS SAY?
OH, WELL. I'M NOT GOING WITH JACKIE. IT'S ANOTHER FRIEND...
...A BOY...
OOOOH, A BOYYY! LINDSAY'S GOT A BOYF--
OW!
COME ON, MOM-- PLEASE?

so excited, I only wish that sometime before

not even like we're going with a bunch of people or anything. It's just him and me!

Dear Diary,
Mark this on the calendar:
Today is the greatest day of my life! I went to the carnival with Bill, and felt magic was in the air!

YOU GOT THEM, BILL!
NICE SHOT, KID.
HERE'S YOUR PRIZE.
WHAT IS IT?
LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF PUZZLE CUBE.
GEE, DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING INSIDE?
I DUNNO. BUT HERE, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT--
--WHY DON'T YOU KEEP IT AND FIND OUT?
REALLY? THANKS!
Y'KNOW, JACKIE'S REALLY INTO PUZZLES AND STUFF. SHE'S GOING TO DIE WHEN I--
NO, WAIT. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
LISTEN, TAKE THE CUBE HOME AND DON'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT IT. THAT WAY, THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO'LL KNOW'LL BE YOU AND ME!
IT'LL BE OUR SECRET GIFT!

"our secret gift!" God, that's so romantic I could die!!! I'm going to hide the box

secret place behind the drawer, so the only people who know about it are Bill and me... and you, Diary.

I wonder what Bill is thinking about me right now. I really like him.

my closest friend Jackie.

never show it to anyone, even if Bill and I live to be 100.

Dear Diary,
I can't understand it.
I was in the hallway at school today when Bill walked by and he didn't even notice me.

wouldn't even talk to me later in math class! What happened? What did

I do wrong? It's like it's all my fault but none of it makes sense or

OH.
Lindsay--
Dad called to say he's working late, and I took Tina to school for parents' night. Dinner's in the oven.
See you later.
Love,
Mom
WHO REALLY NEEDS HIM, ANYWAYS I MEAN HE'S NOT SO MUCH ANYWAY...
NOT LIKE I NEED TO GO OUT WITH HIM, ANYHOW HE'S JUST A STUPID, STUCK UP...
...GOT IS THIS STUPID UGLY THING. GREAT. SOME "SECRET GIFT"

so crazy and weird. Everything was so beautiful yesterday -- how come things change so fast? I mean, I thought we had something, but now, all I've left is that cube he gave me. That stupid cube.

Dear Diary

Funny--that purple box is harder to figure out than it looks. I was up all night last night trying to

UP AND AT 'EM, HONEY. YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR SCHOOL
I DON'T THINK I'M GOING IN TODAY, MOM.
I DON'T FEEL REAL GOOD.
HMMM... WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE A FEVER. BUT YOU REALLY DON'T LOOK WELL.
WELL IF YOU'RE SURE YOU CAN'T MAKE IT...
I'LL BE HOME AROUND SIX. GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.
OKAY, MOM THANKS.

all I could think was to get the purple figure

HEY LIN--
WILL YOU PLEASE KNOCK BEFORE YOU COME IN?
SORRY... I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU I HOPE YOU FEEL BETTER...
YEAH, WELL, THANKS, KIDDO JUST CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU HUH?

It was hard to work at first, but it feels like it getting easier and I guess I'll get it soon. It can't be that hard.

Dear Diary,

I'm not getting anywhere with this cube, I'm going to start keeping a tally of what I've tried so far. Maybe

LINDSAY, DINNER!
NO THANKS MOM! I'M NOT HUNGRY.
ARE YOU SURE? YOU DIDN'T EAT ANYTHING LAST NIGHT EITHER! YOU SHOULD EAT SOMETHING!
I SAID I DON'T WANT IT OKAY?

23) turn far left corner, press center, rotate right side a half twist, rotate right side back. 24) Press top, turn middle twice. give left a 3/4 turn

Dear Diary,
25) Turn, Rear right corner, press top, Turn left inward 1/4 turn, Turn top left corner

LINDS? MOM AND I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
WE'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT YOU, HONEY-- THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.
IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO TELL US?
NO... I'M JUST SICK, THAT'S ALL... I'LL BE BETTER IN A DAY OR TWO, I GUESS...
NO, HONEY, IT'S MORE THAN THAT. LOOK AT YOU -- YOU'RE NOT EATING, YOU'RE NOT SLEEPING, YOUR MOOD KEEPS SWINGING BACK AND FOURTH...
IS THERE A PROBLEM AT SCHOOL? SOMETHING WITH THAT BOY YOU WENT OUT WITH?
I SAID I'M FINE! YOU PEOPLE NEVER UNDERSTAND ME! WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE?!
ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY! YOU WANT ALONE? YOU'VE GOT ALONE! BUT WHATEVER'S GOING ON IS OVER NOW! TOMORROW MORNING, YOU'RE GOING BACK TO SCHOOL--
--COME HELL OR HIGH WATER!

43) Press bottom, Turn left side 1/4 Turn, rotate top counterclockwise 3/4 around, Turn bottom right corner.

Dear Diary,

I hate my parents! They practically forced me to go to school today -- and just when I'm so close to

SO ONCE AGAIN, WE HAVE A POEM WHICH REVOLVES AROUND THE IMAGE OF A ROSE.
CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHAT THIS PARTICULAR ROSE REPRESENTS? ANY VOLUNTEERS?
The Sick Rose

DIDN'T HEAR IT, EH? WELL, THEN, I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL. I'LL TRY TO SPEAK LOUDER IF YOU TRY PAYING ATTENTION WHILE YOU'RE IN THIS ROOM.
NOW, THEN CAN ANYONE ELSE EXPLAIN THE POEM'S "ROSE" SYMBOLISM?

thoughts of suicide
I smiled
something about it has...there
are only about twenty
left now.
I hate my Teachers!!!
I can feel it -- tonight's the night I'm going to solve this thing
STUPID BITCH.

I can feel it -- tonight's the night I'm going to solve this thing.

YEAH, THAT MUST BE IT.
IT HAD TO BE THE DIARY.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD'VE KNOWN THE CUBE EXISTED, LET ALONE WHERE TO FIND IT.
I SHOULD'VE TAKEN IT TO SCHOOL WITH ME... BUT HOW COULD I KNOW YOU'D READ IT?
I--I MEAN, I BARELY GOT HOME IN TIME TO SEE--
I DIDN'T KNOW THE CUBE WOULD DO THAT! I-- I--
DAMN YOU, TINA! WHY'D YOU HAVE TO BE SUCH A NOSY, PRYING, OBNOXIOUS BRAT?
WHY, KIDDO?
WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE YOU...
...WHEN IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME...?

The End

AFTERWORD

It was night, and the subject was fear.

The five of us were sitting around after a long day of speaking with men with torn faces and women with blood-soaked t-shirts, telling what polite company would call anecdotes. But the polite term didn't fool us. We were telling ghost stories.

They were little stories—you know the type—like the "mad escaped murderer caught in the lady's back seat at the gas station" and the "thousand tiny spiders exploding out of the Mexican cactus she *just* bought." And of course, having heard that these stories happened to your neighbor's friend's barber's sister, you *know* they just have to be true, right? At least it seems so until you peel back the layers of hearsay-hesay-shesay, and point out the carefully disguised moral.

So we sat around telling these ghost st—. . . horror st—. . . **urban myths**, trying to sterilize and desensitize ourselves to the piddling little horrifying details that kept jumping up the fronts of our shirts, shortening our breath, and pounding at our hearts. And we laughed, because we had to. We were scared.

The fact that we'd been at a horror convention all day didn't help. The explicit make-up and life-like masks eyeing us malevolently all day were enough to freak anyone. What made it all worth while was your incredible response to what we're doing in the pages of **Hellraiser**—and your excitement at the announcement of our upcoming bimonthly status. (More on that next issue). It's always your response that keeps us going—which is why I encourage you all to take a moment and send us yours. Write to **Hellraiser**, care of the address printed in the indicia on the inside back cover. I read every letter, and you may even get a response one time or another, in one way or another.

So anyway, the subject was fear. And after we had talked it to death, and saw it all as just-so-funny about human nature and mankind's need to create these horrific stories from his group subconscious as a way of making bla bla bla bla . . . After all of that, we all made our way to darkened rooms, and easily found sleep.

Yeah, sure.

After all, there's something . . . comforting in knowing that the most horrible story you ever heard may have been only that, a story, and there's nothing *really* to be afraid of.

Yeah, sure.

Subject closed.

Yeah, . . . sure.

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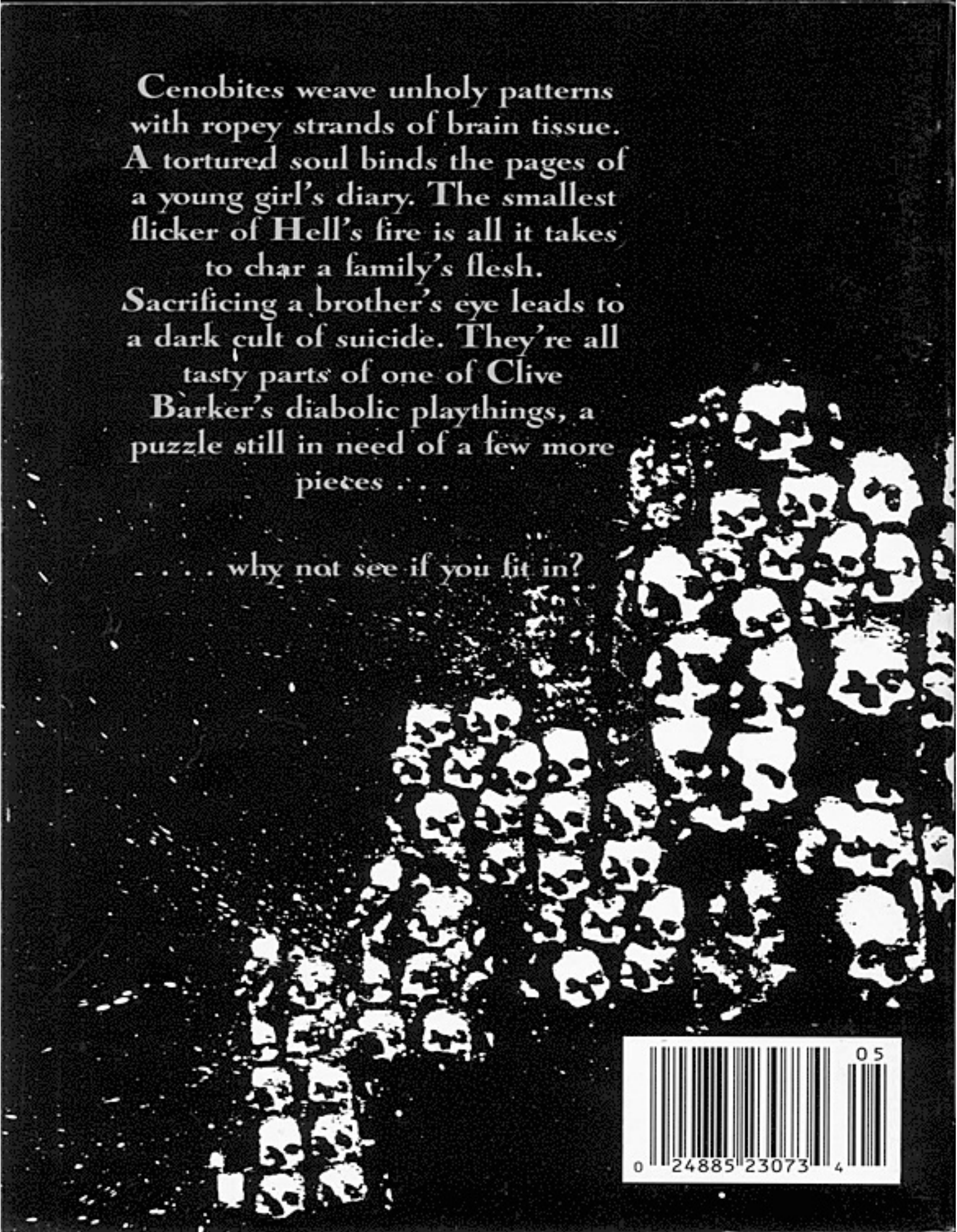
. . . . why not see if you fit in?



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